

Portraits of the Author as AM*

To the barricades in army jacket, many-pocketed and
against no urban ruin of black, flattened Newark,
rather a backyard garage, plastic barrels
cropped.

Irish Buddha in tweeds n' pipe.
(Sure n' enough said on THAT paucity.)
Fireplace.

Oh Summery porch, oversized t-shirt
picturing endangered species, creeping
shorts. wrinklely-
winkely asexual nebbish, ultra
politically correct.
Ocean.

Shiny lunberjack--has worked with hands,
clearing underbrush 'round
hot tub, visible scratch on one.
A tree.

Wall Street Clone (the times they were a
chargin') no bone to pick or
in his pants. Harmonious buildings,
half-lit.

Baseball jacket and cap, yet tie, a
blasted urban visionary loosened plus Joe Fan.
Playground.

*AM=asshole of the moment